

IN  
CAP AND UNIFORM  
1947



Douglas Wilson  
7











*It is a pleasure  
to remember  
and recall  
and relate . . .*

*to live  
and laugh  
and love . . .*



# *Old streets a glamour hold . . .*



Let me grow lovely, growing old—  
So many fine things do;  
Laces, and ivory, and gold,  
And silks need not be new;

And there is a healing in old trees,  
Old streets a glamour hold;  
Why may not I, as well as these,  
Grow lovely, growing old?

—Karle Wilson Baker.





# *Our superintendent says . . .*



MISS A. HEBERT, R.N.  
Superintendent of Nurses

## TO THE 1947 GRADUATING CLASS . . .

As a group of young women, each with an individual quality in habits, disposition and character, all held together by friendships and interests, you have formed an harmonious group. We have appreciated the blending and interacting of varied personalities among you.

In leaving your Alma Mater, you bequeath a memory of personalities that have acquired knowledge, skill and accomplishments throughout the past three years.

May you be blessed with a true conception of your power, noble and good, which you bring into the lives of those with whom you live and work.

Sincerely,  
A. HEBERT.

# *The medical staff . . .*

## Chief of Staff:

Dr. L. S. Mackid, F.A.C.S.

## Chiefs of Divisions of:

Surgery .....	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Medicine .....	Dr. F. D. Wilson
Obstetrics and Gynecology .....	Dr. H. A. Gibson
Pediatrics .....	Dr. M. G. Cody
Radiology .....	Dr. W. S. Quint
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat .....	Dr. A. Fettes
Anaesthesia .....	Dr. G. P. Mores
Orthopedics (Fracture Service) .....	Dr. R. G. Townsend
Urology .....	Dr. J. E. Palmer
Pathology .....	Dr. L. McLatchie

## Consultants for Each of the Divisions:

Surgery .....	Dr. F. T. Campbell, Dr. H. V. Morgan, Dr. W. E. Ingram
Medicine .....	Dr. R. R. Hughes, Dr. H. N. Jennings, Dr. E. R. Selby
Obstetrics and Gynecology .....	Dr. W. E. Saunders, Dr. J. D. Milne, Dr. C. Christie
Pediatrics .....	Dr. P. Christie-Dowling
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat .....	Dr. J. M. Adams
Anaesthesia .....	Dr. F. E. Lundy

## Assistant Chief of Divisions:

Surgery .....	Dr. J. W. Richardson
Medicine .....	Dr. J. V. Follett

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Vice-Chairman of Medical Staff—Dr. R. B. Francis

Secretary—Dr. G. R. Johnson

Three Members of the Executive Committee:

Dr. C. B. Wright, Dr. B. W. Banks, Dr. R. R. Hughes

## Chiefs of Credentials Committee:

Surgery .....	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Medicine .....	Dr. F. D. Wilson
Obstetrics and Gynecology .....	Dr. H. A. Gibson
Pediatrics .....	Dr. Cody
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat .....	Dr. A. Fettes
Anaesthesia .....	Dr. G. P. Mores

## Committee Appointments:

Interne .....	Dr. Hughes, Dr. Swartzlander, Dr. Alexander
Programme .....	Dr. Scarf, Dr. H. E. Gibson, Dr. McLatchie
Musical Records .....	Dr. Johnson, Dr. Wilcox, Dr. C. B. Wright



# *The chief of staff . . .*

## MY FRIEND, THE NURSE

SHE came into the hospital for training; full of vim, and vigor, and, some ideas (which she got from the movies), that the life of a nurse was one of clean linen, nice smells, lovely patients; in fact, a nice glamorous life. Then, she met the Superintendent. "You're in the army now". They took her around and showed her in a general way what she had to do, and after she had seen what they wanted her to see and had been given an outline of how to do it, they immediately waded in and started to see that she did do it. Well, she polished up this and polished up that. It was hard to see why, at first, all this was done. Those nice ideas from the movies began to fall to pieces. It wasn't at all like that. And the lectures she attended and the notes she took and the amount of writing she had to do! It went on and on, from one department to another and the picture changed, and it began to look like something she did like to do.

Then, she came in contact with that object which made her take up this profession—"The Patient". Now she had to learn how to handle the patient without hurting him. Make him, or her, do the things she had been given the written orders to do, to help make him well or ease him off into the next world as easily as possible.

Now she has reached her final year and is coming up for her black band and diploma, and, then she is on her own, 'A Nurse'. Just another nurse but from this point on she must guide things so that she is not long going to be just a nurse. She is going to be 'The Nurse' when the doctors, and the Chief of Staff, and the Superintendent, as well as the patient, look at her and say, "My Friend, the Nurse".

—Dr. L. S. Mackid, F.A.C.S.

# *Our training school officers . . .*



MISS A. HEBERT, R.N.  
Superintendent  
of Nurses



MISS I. LAMONT, R.N.  
Assistant Supervisor  
of Nurses

MISS J. CONNAL, R.N.  
Instructress of Nurses



MISS K. METHERAL,  
R.N.  
Assistant  
Instructress of Nurses



MISS E. MARTIN, R.N.  
Clinical Supervisor



MISS J. PORTEOUS, R.N.  
Medical Supervisor





# On duty tonight...



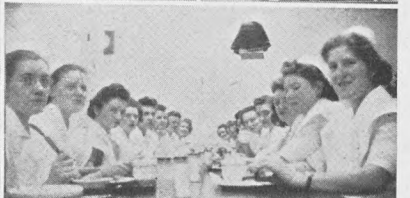
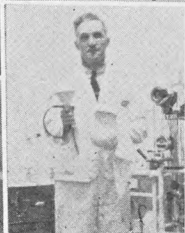
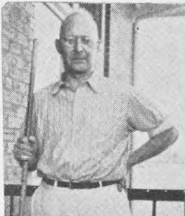
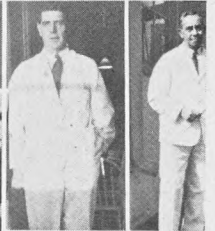
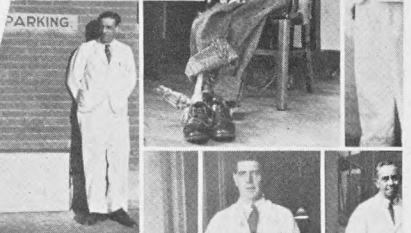
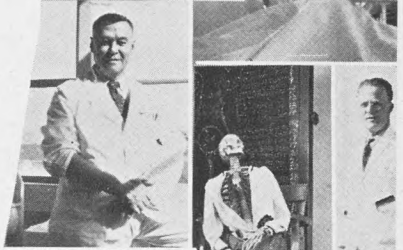
MISS M. MacDonald,  
R.N.  
Night Supervisor



MRS. M. WHEATLY,  
R.N.  
Assistant Night Supervisor



MISS J. HOWATSON,  
R.N.  
Assistant Night Supervisor



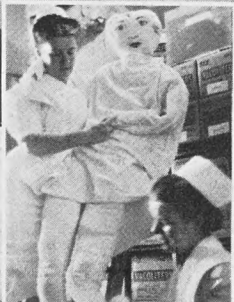
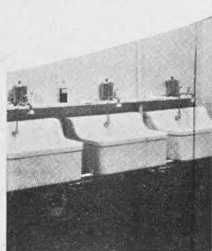
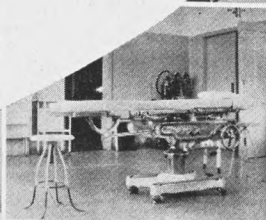
# Scrubbed and ready . . .



MISS BAKER  
Supervisor of the  
Operating Room



MISS BENSON  
Assistant Supervisor

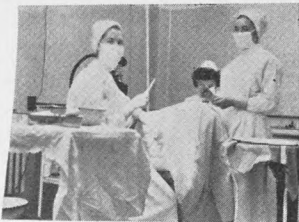




*We've never lost a father yet . . .*



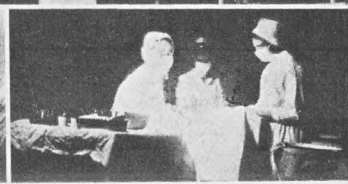
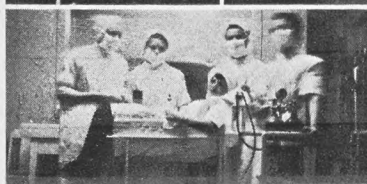
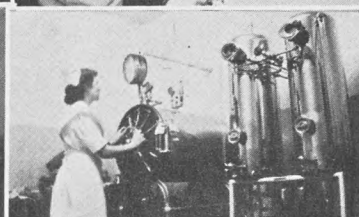
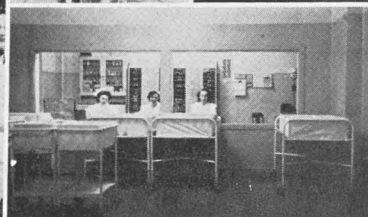
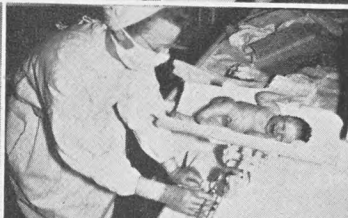
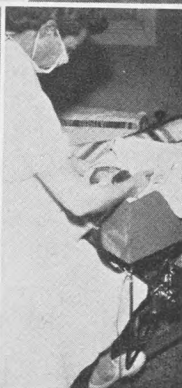
MISS JOHNSON  
Supervisor of  
Maternity



MRS. SMITH  
Assistant  
Supervisor



MISS FORD  
Supervisor  
of the  
Case Room



# Special diets and isolation . . .



MRS. P. SHIEDAL  
Dietitian



—28 DAYS



MRS. M. HANNA-  
FORD  
Assistant  
Dietitian



MRS. M. WATKIN  
Assistant  
Dietitian





# *O'er us from seven to seven . . .*

MISS VON GRUENIGEN  
Supervisor 3rd East



MISS  
AULD  
Supervisor  
4th Floor



MISS  
HOOPER  
Supervisor  
3rd West



MISS  
McROBERTS  
Assistant  
Supervisor  
3rd West



MISS  
HARDWICK  
Assistant  
Supervisor  
4th Floor



MISS  
SMART  
Supervisor  
2nd West



MISS  
BATTRUM  
Supervisor  
2nd East



MISS  
EYRE  
Assistant  
Supervisor  
1st Floor



MISS  
DOTEN  
Assistant  
Supervisor  
Child. Ward



MISS MANN  
Supervisor. 1st Floor



MISS BRISCOE  
Supervisor Ward 9



MISS DOULL  
Supervisor Child. Ward

*There's no place like home . . .*



MISS CASEY  
Home Matron

MISS CANNON  
MRS. WHITLAW  
Assistant  
Home Matrons

*. . . absolutely no place*



## *Medical superintendent . . .*



J. D. HAESLIP, M.D.

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Ald. P. N. R. Morrison	116 22nd Avenue N.E.
Mr. D. B. McKenzie	1 Cameroun Block, 715a 1st St. East
Mrs. T. L. O'Keefe	501 30th Avenue West
Mr. F. E. Spooner	3833 6th Street S.W.
Mayor J. C. Watson	420 9th Avenue N.E.
Mr. H. C. Simpson	1217 1st Street East



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Obstetrics .....	Dr. C. B. Wright
Materia Medica, Anaesthesia .....	Dr. G. P. Mores
Urology .....	Dr. J. E. Palmer
Medical Diseases .....	Dr. R. R. Hughes
Communicable Diseases .....	Dr. H. Price
Gynaecology .....	Dr. B. Humphrey
Public Health .....	Dr. W. Hill
Paediatrics .....	Dr. M. G. Cody
Principles of Dentistry and Oral Health .....	Dr. H. L. Freeland
Neurology and Psychiatry .....	Dr. M. Carnat
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat .....	Dr. J. R. Berry
Tumours .....	Dr. L. McLatchie
Orthopaedics .....	Dr. R. G. Townsend
First Aid .....	Mr. Leslie Hill and Mr. Hubert Zelmer

## *In appreciation to all of you . . .*

Whose pictures appear on these pages and to those whose pictures don't appear. You have done your utmost to make our course a very full one.

We have gained not only knowledge and a profession which no one can take away, but by your patience, understanding, advice and guidance, we have grown up, and are better equipped to journey onward.

At such an important time as graduation, time doesn't permit us to see you all personally, but we know that your best wishes and prayers are with us. We shall take firm hold upon them and use them as a light and a lamp-post for the future.

This may be our last opportunity to reach you all to say farewell, and so, as we say good-bye, we thank you all again.



E. BUCHAN  
Editor

## *Editorial Staff*



M. ARMSTRONG  
Assistant Editor



J. McFARLANE  
Bus. Manager



F. FLEMING  
Assistant Manager



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Photography



N. ANDREW  
Photography



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Photography



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Literary



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Advertising



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Advertising



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Advertising



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MARIORY BUGLER  
President



JOYCE MILLER  
Secretary



JEAN McFARLANE  
Vice-President



MARG. ARMSTRONG  
Treasurer



EDWINA BUCHAN  
Entertainment Committee



EILEEN HAGG  
Adjustment Committee



VIOLET MILLER  
Sick Committee

# Valedictory . . .



MARJORY BUGLER  
Valedictorian

WE are on the threshold of an entirely new life. Up until this time all our lives have been more or less planned for us. Our parents guided our footsteps through our early years, later assisted by our teachers. Each succeeding year was mapped out right to the end of our High School. Then we arrived at our chosen School of Nursing.

Everything there went by schedule. We learned first in the classroom and then on wards. Besides learning the practical side of nursing, we learned to live with many girls and learned to love them. Then suddenly our three years routine, topping all the other preceding routines of our lives, has suddenly ended—stopped completely, and we find ourselves single individuals all alone in the big world. It's a strange feeling and yet one of accomplishment. Strange to feel so alone for the first time, and strange to leave all the persons and places of this, our Hospital. Yet it is well to feel that we have accomplished something we have wanted all our lives.

We can all remember our first day on wards—the feeling of almost terror that gripped us at the thought of walking into a room where there was a great big patient in the bed. The memories of our first hypo, the fright of having to wait on a Doctor; the burnt cookies in the diet kitchen; the first scrub for tonsils; the thrill of seeing a baby brought into the world. The good times at home with the gang in the evenings, the nights our lights weren't out at ten-thirty, the hectic rush to get on duty, and the feeling of dogged-tiredness after night shift.

All these we remember and many more, both sad and happy. And so we face the future with an integral part of our lives behind us forever, with the future stretching ahead to realms as yet untried.

## *Our pledge . . .*

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



## *Dear Diary . . .*

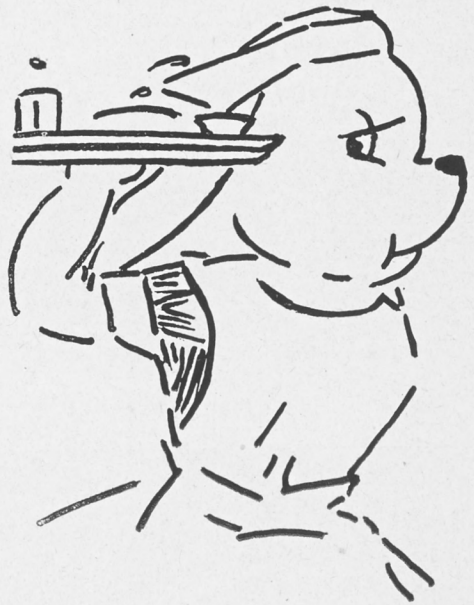
I HAVE just started out on my course. It holds new glamour, good and gold. It is all so new that fear takes firm hold on my heart and makes it skip a beat, just sitting here and looking ahead at the experiences I will meet. It is as though I dropped a pebble in the middle of a lake and sat and watched the water take the splash that pebble caused and dance it clear across the lake. Each circle, very neatly made, reaches out and then it widens and it grows, until at last you can no longer remember where the pebble fell or can you see how far the circles go.

And now I drop my life into this lake, and make my splash. The characteristic circles take it up and carry it through to all the shores on every side. I know not where. And as those circles grow, I pray that they will deepen, widen, in my heart, as in the lake. I pray that they will make my head, my heart, my hands, as beautiful to look at, and to hold, as the memory of the lake before . . . and after . . .

*The hopper gang . . .*

# JUNIORS

## 1947





F. Brown



J. Davidson



W. Davies



I. Epp



E. Gibson



E. Gray



V. Harper



G. Hartwick



L. Jackson



E. Lawrence



M. Love



M. Mitchell



D. McGhee



L. Nelson



A. J. Oliver



J. Oro



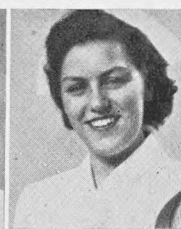
C. Papworth



M. Podwysocki



D. Prentice



E. Rettschlag



M. Rinquist



V. Simons



H. Suffern



R. Tindall



H. Anderson





H. Beattie



J. Clarke



B. Cleveland



M. Cornish



H. Dunham



J. Engemoen



N. Gilchrist



R. Haigh



M. Hatt



D. Hind



*A. Hollis*  
A. Hollis



E. Jackson



A. Johnson



G. Jones



P. Lazo



H. Loewen



V. Martin



J. Morris



I. McCue



J. McKinnon



J. Phillips



I. Pinder



M. Purdie



D. Rasmussen



E. Roberts



E. Scarlet



K. Schmidt



A. Shepperd



L. Staples



M. Thorburn



J. States

Junior in Anatomy Exam:

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts, the head, the chest and the stummick. The head holds the brains (if there is any). The chest holds the liver and lites. The stummick holds the entrails and the vowels which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y and w."

IF . . .

If you can crack a joke when all about you  
Are so fed up they don't know what to do;  
If you can come on duty and be cheerful  
When you are feeling on the verge of 'flu;  
If you can live the whole day through without a ward-aid.  
Admissions pouring in and dinners late;  
If you can comb and scrub them all and like it,  
And come off smiling when it's half past eight;  
If you can think the head nurse really loves you,  
And only runs you around for your own good,  
When she says the bathrooms look disgraceful,  
And your "hoppers" never look the way they should;  
If you can scrub out everlasting lockers  
'Till your knees are red from kneeling on the floor,  
And still believe yours is a noble calling,  
And never long to be at home once more.  
If you can stay the whole day through and never grumble,  
Nor only seem to wash and polish paint;  
If you can do all this and keep your reason—  
You're not a nurse, my girl, you're a Saint.

—Adapted.

## *Home Addresses*

Fay Evelyn Brown .....	Calgary, Alberta
Beverley Jane Davidson .....	Regina, Saskatchewan
Willa Eileen Davies .....	Lloydminster, Saskatchewan
Irene Helen Epp .....	Naco, Alberta
Elizabeth Lees Gibson .....	Oyen, Alberta
Edith Mary Gray .....	Baizac, Alberta
Violet Louella Harper .....	Calgary, Alberta
Gwendolyn Isabel Hartwick .....	High River, Alberta
Leta Lou Jackson .....	Milo, Alberta
Eileen Beatrice Lawrence .....	Rowley, Alberta
Marjorie Frances Love .....	Vulcan, Alberta
Mary Catherine Mitchell .....	Turner Valley, Alberta
Donna Weir McGhee .....	Innisfail, Alberta
Lois Pearl Nelson .....	Bentley, Alberta
Audrey Jean Oliver .....	Midnapore, Alberta
Jean Eleanor Oro .....	Cave, Alberta
Connie Papworth .....	Calgary, Alberta
Anne Penner .....	Rosemary, Alberta
Mary Podwysocki .....	Calgary, Alberta
Doreen Margaret Prentice .....	Abbey, Saskatchewan
Emilia Vera Rettschlag .....	Calgary, Alberta
Mildred Esther Rinquist .....	Yorkton, Saskatchewan
Yvonne Marguerite Salmond .....	Regina, Saskatchewan
Vivian Annie Simons .....	Innisfail, Alberta
Hazel Jean Suffern .....	Penhold, Alberta
Ruth Tindall .....	Champion, Alberta
Helen Anderson .....	Calgary, Alberta
Helen Jean Beattie .....	White Bear, Saskatchewan
Jean Elizabeth Clark .....	Calgary, Alberta
Betty Cleveland .....	Dalemead, Alberta
Muriel Frances Cornish .....	Nanton, Alberta
Helen Grace Dunham .....	Vulcan, Alberta
Betty Jean Engemoen .....	Calgary, Alberta
Norma Jean Gilchrist .....	Alliance, Alberta
Ruth Eileen Haigh .....	Calgary, Alberta
Marjorie Edith Hatt .....	Calgary, Alberta
Doreen Florence Hind .....	Calgary, Alberta
Arleen Fay Hollis .....	Drumheller, Alberta
Edith Jackson .....	Calgary, Alberta
Margaret Anne Johnson .....	Nanton, Alberta
Gwendolyn Mary Jones .....	Calgary, Alberta
Pauline May Lazo .....	Calgary, Alberta
Hazel Agnes Loewen .....	Kelowna, B.C.
Verna Joyce Martin .....	Calgary, Alberta
Jean Maxine Morris .....	Calgary, Alberta
Louella Iva McCue .....	Bowden, Alberta
Jerita Julie McKinnon .....	Calgary, Alberta
Jessie Irma Phillips .....	Medicine Hat, Alberta
Irene Frances Pinder .....	Macleod, Alberta
Muriel Anne Purdie .....	Calgary, Alberta
Dorothy Rasmussen .....	Verlo, Saskatchewan
Mary Eva Roberts .....	Calgary, Alberta
Edith Scarlett .....	Innisfail, Alberta
Katie Norma Schmidt .....	Alsask, Alberta
Alice Myrtle Shepperd .....	Turner Valley, Alberta
Patricia Laverne Staples .....	Calgary, Alberta
Jean Beryl States .....	Wayne, Alberta
Marjorie May Thorburn .....	Sceptre, Saskatchewan



## *Dear Diary . . .*

THE beginning of my Intermediate year means this to me—half is gone—and half to be. I see it as a long and winding hill from the day you begin 'till the day that you finish. The path is narrow and steep and far; the way that I came has been travelled before by many black shoes and white pinafores. I can see the top—but what will I find; I can see the start—and where I have climbed. I don't know what kind of weather I'll face. The forecast today may be 'clear and bright, light winds may follow through the night'. Day by day through sun and storm I have to journey up and on; and not until I have reached the top may I sit on the summit and wave my hand to those who follow, hand in hand, along the same old path that I have come.

Oh, I've had my small say about the state of the road! I sometimes say I don't like the way the path winds and bends and climbs. I don't like the wind on my face and the heat on my brow. My pack becomes heavy and my legs become tired. And sometimes the lunch by the side of the hill isn't what mother would make, but still, I'm happy climbing up.

I like to feel tired at the end of the day, if I have worked well along the way. The wind doesn't matter if it cools the brow. I love my friends who have shared my load and walked with me along the road. They closed their eyes and never heeded the mood I was in—they gave me the lift I needed. What if the rain makes it damp, I'll walk 'till the sun dries up the ground and warms the air. I'll wait 'till the wind is behind us. Then, I'll journey a little faster up the hill again. It's a long way up but I want to go on because I like the way I've come.

*The responsible Joe's . . .*

# INTERMEDIATES

1947





G. Gilchrist



H. Hallam



W. Irwin



L. James



E. Johnson



F. Kennon



D. Mills



E. McGregor



V. McMillan



D. Palate



A. Philp



M. Quantz



P. Saunders



E. Smythe



H. Vesterdahl



J. Wardrop



E. Wheatley



J. Yearwood



D. Barker



E. Bennett



M. Boake



M. Burroughs



F. Campbell



S. Cullen



L. Custead



J. Deslandes



D. Desson



G. Drummond



L. Edwards



J. Fairweather



J. Galbraith



E. Green



E. Groeneveld



R. Guthrie



J. Hambling



D. Harbidge



B. Haymes



D. Hewitt



E. Hickson



M. Huffman



I. Jack



D. Johnson



Y. Lewis



L. Mackie



I. Mitchell



I. Mackenzie



S. McMullen



J. Potter



M. Robertson



E. Romeril





M. Thomassen

C. Underhill

M. Walker

H. Warren

Little drops of water,  
 Little drops of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the pleasant land.  
 Thus the little minutes,  
 Humble though they be,  
 Make the mighty ages  
 Of eternity

—Julia A. F. Carney.

### FORGIVE ME, AND TEACH ME

How dare I complain of my aching feet,  
 Of the endless hours until our work is complete.  
 How dare I grouch when all goes wrong,  
 When I've no yen for laughter or song.  
 How can I groan with a test in sight,  
 When there's not enough time to rest in the night.  
 With breakfast served at six thirty-five, I say,  
 And the end of the month and five dollars pay.  
 How dare I moan if the food's not grand,  
 Where is my soul, I don't understand.

I don't spend my days in a tiny warm bed,  
 I don't suffer pain or an ache in my head.  
 My limbs are not numb or pale or still,  
 I can sneak a walk that's a thrill.  
 I haven't a cough that tears or burns,  
 Or a maniac mind that wonders or yearns.  
 I haven't a life with days only few,  
 I can welcome new springs and each day so new.  
 I haven't a cancer that eats through my soul.  
 I have blue skies not just plain walls so droll.

How dare I complain as a selfish one,  
 With a life to live full of laughter and fun.  
 When some suffer so silent and peaceful and good,  
 Can't I just serve, grateful, as God knows I should!  
 Can't my selfishness drift like a pale mist away,  
 Yes, make me serve, faithful and better each day.  
 Make my palsy complaints and grouches be gone.  
 Make me truly more thankful and happy each dawn.

—Helen Chase.

## *Home Addresses*

Gladys Gilchrist .....	Crossfield, Alberta
Helen Hallam .....	Calgary, Alberta
Wilma Jean Irwin .....	Airdrie, Alberta
Lois Elaine James .....	Calgary, Alberta
Eileen Myrtle Johnson .....	Olds, Alberta
Frances Mary Kennon .....	Swalwell, Alberta
Donalda Margaret Mills .....	Calgary, Alberta
Elizabeth McGregor .....	Banff, Alberta
Vida Margaret McMillan .....	Crossfield, Alberta
Dorothy Palate .....	Lethbridge, Alberta
Amy Louise Philp .....	Calgary, Alberta
Ruth Quantz .....	Innisfail, Alberta
Peggy Saunders .....	Patricia, Alberta
Elizabeth Smyth .....	Calgary, Alberta
Gunhild Signe Vesterdahl .....	Sceptre, Saskatchewan
Jane Mildred Wardrop .....	Didsbury, Alberta
Evelyn May Wheatley .....	Calgary, Alberta
Josephine Yearwood .....	Calgary, Alberta
Dorothy Helen Barker .....	Calgary, Alberta
Enid Eileen Bennett .....	Gleichen, Alberta
Mary Lethe Boake .....	Acme, Alberta
Maxine Melva Burroughs .....	Calgary, Alberta
Fern Isabella Campbell .....	Calgary, Alberta
Shirley Cullen .....	Didsbury, Alberta
Lorena Madelaine Custead .....	Calgary, Alberta
Edith Joyce Deslandes .....	Calgary, Alberta
Donna Loretta Desson .....	Calgary, Alberta
Grace Mildred Drummond .....	Ogden (P.O.), Alberta
Laura Esther Edwards .....	Calgary, Alberta
Joan Fairweather .....	Turner Valley, Alberta
Joyce Edith Galbraith .....	Calgary, Alberta
Eileen Green .....	Nanton, Alberta
Elizabeth Groeneveld .....	Blackie, Alberta
Ruby Claire Guthrie .....	Calgary, Alberta
Ruby Jean Hambling .....	Midnapore, Alberta
Dorothy Ruth Harbidge .....	Banff, Alberta
Betty May Haymes .....	Calgary, Alberta
Dorothy Grace Hewitt .....	New Brigden, Alberta
Elizabeth Cawline Hickson .....	Kindersley, Saskatchewan
Mary Irene Huffman .....	Calgary, Alberta
Isabel Jessie Jack .....	Kincaid, Saskatchewan
Dorcas Pauline Johnson .....	Calgary, Alberta
Eyvonne Eileen Lewis .....	Claresholm, Alberta
Louise MacKie .....	Drumheller, Alberta
Irma Lillian Mitchell .....	Calgary, Alberta
Isabelle Flora Mackenzie .....	Medicine Hat, Alberta
Sarah Christina McMullen .....	Gleichen, Alberta
Joyce Emily Potter .....	Nacmire, Alberta
Marion Stewart Robertson .....	Calgary, Alberta
Elizabeth Romeril .....	Raymond, Alberta
Mildred June Thomassen .....	Bergen, Alberta
Catherine Margaret Underhill .....	Calgary, Alberta
Myrtle Margaret Walker .....	Calgary, Alberta
Hazel Emma Warren .....	Calgary, Alberta

## *Dear Diary . . .*

MY Senior year is almost over. The little piece of clay that was three years ago, so soft, so moist, so pliable, so quick to mold and take on shape has now been fired in the kiln. It's almost finished but for the last minute details; a bit of glaze, a little touch just here or there, and then the final fire to make it glow and last. And as I close the oven door on this, my mystic model, I open wide my misty mind, and dream. What will I find when the clock above the door says time is up?

To mold this model it took these things: a creed to live by—a plan to go by—and a will to get by. I took a bit of clay. I added on and cut away, and under watchful eye, it grew. It took me time, three years, but I won't look back to find the moments that I threw away, shaping and molding, only to find proportion was needed, and dimension gone—I cut away and went on.

What will I find? Perhaps pockets of air were lodged in there and have burst inside with the heat of the steam. Perhaps the glaze has run and has ruined the dream. Or perhaps I'll place it on my hand and gaze with pride on the finished plan.

But I know it's mine to have forever more. My model behind the oven door. I look with pride at the years it took, to mold and shape and make ready for use. I don't regret the moments lost, the detail I cut away. I think of the moments filled and the image that's there to stay.

*My classmates . . .*

# SENIORS

## 1947





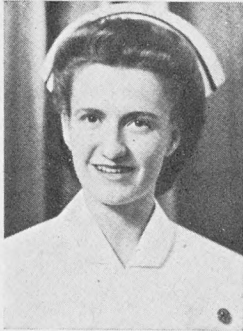


PAULINE BOCK  
808 22nd Ave. S.E.  
Calgary, Alberta



BEATRICE JENKINS  
Eyremore, Alberta

## Spring Section



MARJORY BUGLER  
2330 15a St. S.E.  
Calgary, Alberta

If you can't be a pine on the top of a hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
And some highway happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—  
But the liveliest bass in the lake.



HILDA HOOPER  
1110 17th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



ANNA CARROTHERS  
1029 14th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



MARJORIE CRISSAL  
321 38th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



DOROTHY EARL  
515 10th Ave. N.E.  
Calgary, Alberta



MARG. LAWRENCE  
1022 Arthur St.  
North Battleford, Sask.



LORRAINE WRIGHT  
Maple Creek, Sask.



MARG. WHITMORE  
1271 5th Ave. N.  
Lethbridge, Alberta



JOYCE MILLER  
Box 185  
High River, Alberta

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here,  
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do  
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are!



IRENE SYMONS  
420 14th St. N.W.  
Calgary Alberta



VIOLET MILLER  
Box 183  
Pennant, Sask.



HELEN PRENTICE  
Majorville, Alberta



LUCILLE RUSSEL  
Box 116  
Blackie, Alberta



BETH ANDERSON  
Chigwell, Alberta



JEAN HAZEL DAFOE  
1701 1st St.  
Calgary, Alberta

## *Fall Section*



NORAH K. ANDREWS  
Box 421  
Lethbridge, Alberta

Go thou thy way, and I go mine,  
Apart, yet never far;  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
The pathways where we are.  
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me";  
This is my prayer;  
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,  
And keeps us near.



HELEN R. CHASE  
Tilley, Alberta



MARG. ARMSTRONG  
1931 5th St. S.W.  
Calgary, Alberta



ETHEL MARY BALL  
Airdrie, Alberta



IRENE BORIS  
826 17th Ave. N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta



EDWINA A. BUCHAN  
835 19th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



IRENE DRUMMOND  
Ogden P.O.  
Calgary, Alberta



ELEAN'R HAMILTON  
Eston, Sask.



JOAN HELEN HALL  
High River, Alberta



RUTH I. EDEEN  
827 14th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta

I know not where thy path may lie,  
Or which way mine will be;  
If mine will lead thro' parching sands  
And thine be by the sea;  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,  
So never fear;  
He holds thy hands, He claspeth mine,  
And keeps us near.



AILEEN G. HAGG  
Majorville, Alberta



MARY E. FLEMING  
2531 25th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



PATRICIA FOLEY  
2136 17th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



SARAH FURGESON  
2203 19th St. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



IRIS JUNE GOETT  
1619 4a St. N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta





MARJORIE HAYES  
3708 15th St. S.W.  
Calgary, Alberta



EDNA E. LEACH  
Empress, Alberta



ELMA L. KLAUDT  
213 12a St. N.E.  
Calgary, Alberta



CAROL D. HICKS  
3410 7th St. W.  
Calgary, Alberta

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,  
And my lot lowly be,  
Or you be sad and sorrowful,  
And glory be for me,  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me;  
Both be His care;  
One arm round thee and one round me  
Will keep us near.



LOIS E. KELLY  
1001 13th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



DEVENEY HICKS  
Mirror, Alberta



LORRAINE JENKINS  
511 5th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



MARG. JOHNSTON  
1532 Centre A St. N.E.  
Calgary, Alberta



MARJORIE JONES  
1913 Bowness Road  
Calgary, Alberta



L. MEIKLEJOHN  
Provost, Alberta



SHIRLEY STAPLES  
913 1st Ave. N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta



BETTY RITCHIE  
Bellevue, Alberta



JOYCE MILLS  
Three Hills, Alberta

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,  
But since this may not be,  
I'll leave thee to the care of Him  
Who cares for thee and me.  
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings",  
This comforts dear;  
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,  
Will keep us near.



JEAN L. POTTER  
Nanton, Alberta



JOAN MONTGOMERY  
Crossfield, Alberta



DORIS MORTIMER  
2012 Bowness Road  
Calgary, Alberta



JEAN McFARLANE  
602 Rideau Road  
Calgary, Alberta



BETH E. PEPPER  
Goodwater, Sask.



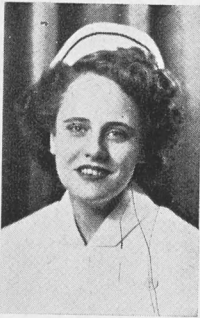
AUDREY SWEATMAN  
Kelliker, Sask.



ALICE ZAHARA  
539 24th Ave. N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta



DOREEN WILSON  
3827 5th St. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



DORIS TINNEY  
1221 12th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta

And though our paths be separate,  
And thy way is not mine,  
Yet coming to the Mercy seat,  
My soul will meet with thine.  
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me",  
I'll whisper there.  
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,  
And we are near.

—Julia A. Baker.



R. WOTHERSPOON  
Success, Sask.



PHYLLIS WEIR  
939 14th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alberta



VALERIE WHEELER  
Ponoka, Alberta



HELEN WHITE  
Nanton, Alberta

## FOR AULD LANG SYNE

We stand together, around the table.  
Sing out my friend, if you are able  
To hide the thoughts you're thinking,  
And the tears you're winking,  
Back! You looked forward, never back;  
But now, this morning, seems to lack  
The joy, you thought today would bring—  
When you were finished. Come on—"Sing!"  
That smile you said you'd wear,  
It's funny, I can't see it there.  
Please, don't glance my way—just sing.  
I never thought this song would bring  
My heart so near my eyes.  
I guess I didn't realize,  
That this is it, your hand in mine;  
Together singing—for Auld Lang Syne.

—Buchan.





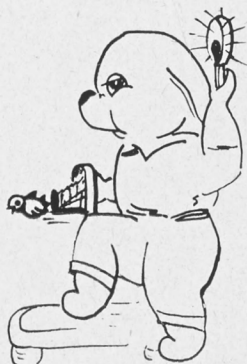
*Generalizing . . .*

*. . . advertising*



*. . . literary*

*. . . candid*



## CONTENT

My room is tiny and very plain  
Rooms up above hide sound of the rain  
Before I can watch the rosy blushes of dawn  
I'm up and dressed and off to duty gone.

My room is hot when it should be cool  
It's cold when the snow is angry and cruel  
The bed is so hard and the pillow flat  
I've no one to love, not even my cat!

My room has a window and only one.  
It keeps out the breezes and frightens the sun.  
The register sighs like an aged soul  
The dresser is cream like the walls, so droll.

But then,  
I'd fall off to sleep before hearing the rain,  
I'd sleep past the light from the window pane,  
I could sleep like a log on a hardwood floor,  
Heavens above, what am I grouching for???

—Helen Chase.

## "DON'T STOP, YOU DRIP!"

Just sitting here and watching, as the intravenous drips,  
Outside the stubborn wind is raging as the aging leaves it flips.  
The sky is sad and overcast; the clouds they hide the sun.  
This lazy drip can only drop, it just can't even run!  
But let the wind be nasty and annoy the lovely leaves,  
Let all the world be smothered in an avenue of grieves,  
Let the clouds shut off the sunlight to the earth below;  
But Heaven above remember "Let this Intravenous Go!"

—Helen Chase.

## GAUZE ROOM BLUES

The morns are dark and dreary  
When we stagger, rather weary,  
To our posts throughout the hospital, you see,  
But the place that keeps us snoring  
And by far the one most boring  
Is the posting to the Gauze Room, you'll agree!

First we argue over time slips  
And who's to make the ward trips,  
And when that's settled we get down to work!  
Sorting covers by the score,  
And then filling them once more,  
Knowing all the while our duty we'll not shirk!

Then a full hour after,  
(We are on hour dafters!)  
We've covers filled and put in various bags.  
Someone to the O.R. goes  
By the Autoclave she stows  
Our little cart which shows "Unsterile" tags.

Then when coffee time draws near  
We all shed a little tear  
For we must leave our Gauze Room for a while;  
But we return too soon  
Stopping at the Sewing Room  
For rags for still more covers. (What a pile!)

We have a "ripping" time  
(Gee, this one's hard to rhyme!)  
Making all the various covers the right size  
With that stamping that you hear  
We make "4 x 4's" and "EAR",  
"LAPS", "8 x 4's", "COMPRESS GAUZE" and "EYES".

These finished we've a hunch  
That it's time to go to lunch  
So gaily to the Dining Room we go!  
And then our "Hours off" . . .  
(Til we think we've had enough!)  
Then back we plod with steady step—but slow!

Again, we visit every ward  
Collecting covers by the hoard  
And sort and fill them 'til our work is done.  
Then we clean up "spic and span"  
Empty the old garbage can;  
And at seven o'clock we drop the keys, and run!

You may think 'tis easy life  
But you know not half the strife  
That goes on in those four walls 'til you've been there!  
For it's not a bed of roses,  
You'll need it in small doses—  
Otherwise you'll find you'll tear your hair!

—Ruth Ragg.

Open the door Miss Cannon!  
 Please Miss Cannon, open the door?  
 Open the door and let me in!  
 Awww, please don't begin  
 To call the roll, let me in?  
 Margaret, don't dare laugh at me  
 Down here on bended knee!  
 Awww, Miss Cannon, let me in.  
 It's cold out here and warm within.  
 I brushed my shoes and made my bed.  
 I washed my face and combed my head.  
 I had a bath, and mended my socks.  
 Please Miss Cannon, answer my knocks?  
 I slept hard to make it here on time  
 The fault isn't mine.  
 If the way was slippery and a little far.  
 Can I help it if our watches are  
 Not the same make  
 Yours fast and mine late.  
 I know it's not right  
 But gee, I'm off tonight!

Here, I'll knock again to see,  
 Perhaps you can't hear me.  
 Miss Cannon . . . open the door!  
 Please Miss Cannon, open the door?

Miss Cannon spoke from behind the door,  
 Quiet Please!

—I. M. Late.



Nothing to hold but my head.  
 Nothing to nurse but my feet.  
 Nowhere to go but to bed.  
 Finger nails were made to eat.

—P . . . U.



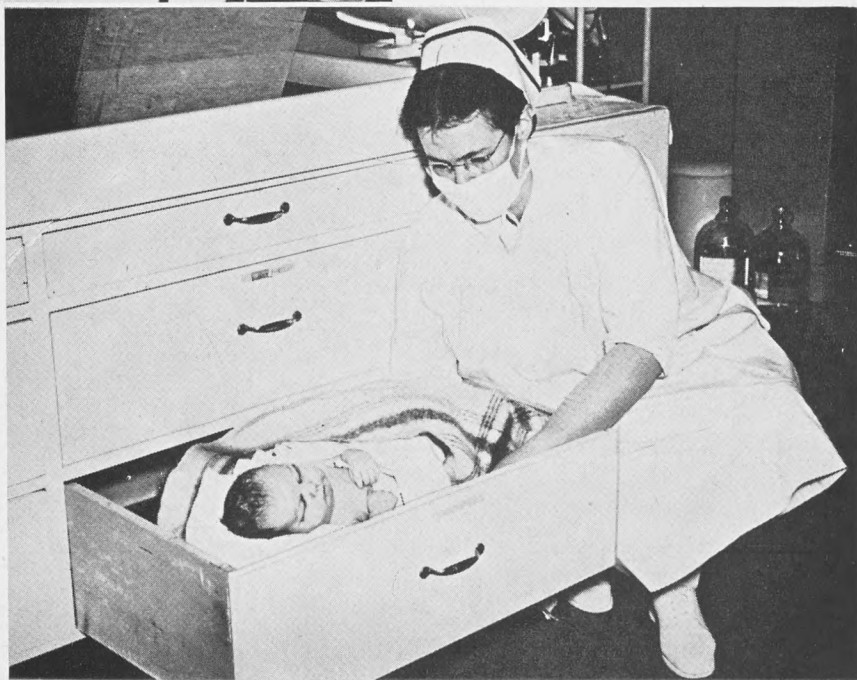
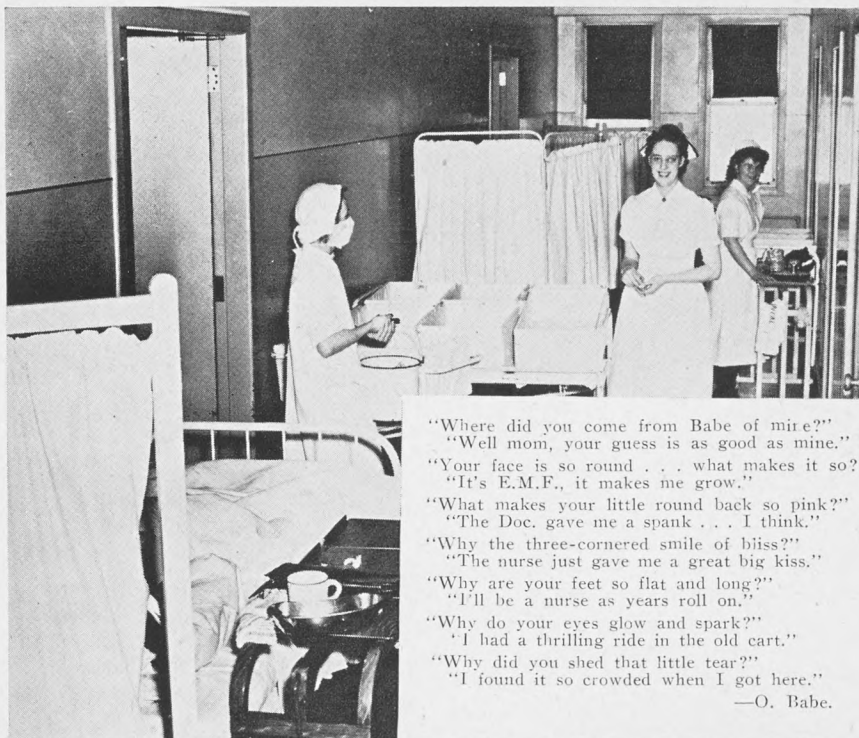
## TO A NURSE

There are tasks to perform and duties to meet;  
Work to do and decisions to make.  
There are times when you're certain you can't do it all  
When everyone's rushed and it's late.  
There are days not quite to perfection, jobs not nice at all,  
And you believe your career is at stake,—  
When you have to decide very quickly "What's right".

That's what nursing will take.  
And it's easy to make a mistake,  
In the course of a busy day.  
But mistakes can't be made when patients are laid  
In your care and your charge to keep.  
And it's not going along in the old routine  
With everything going your way.  
It's making things smooth, out of everything rough.  
And you can't lose your temper tho' you've had "Just enough".  
You have to remember that duty's before  
All else—that's what nurses are for.

And it's out of all this, a day is made  
From this busy world we live in,  
And it's out of all this that you are repaid—  
Ten fold for all that you've given.  
There is something more than words can explain,  
Powers that hold by the ties that grow—  
A deep satisfaction for work well done?  
Perhaps that is what you will know.  
Or perhaps, that you're needed a little each day  
To help, so people may live.  
Whatever it is, it is yours alone.  
That's what nursing can give.

—Peggy Saunders.



WITH APOLOGIES  
(with apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

When I went into train as a very young girl,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
I'll wear my hair long with a bit of a curl,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
I'll never wear rats or a horrible net.  
But now you're sent back for one when you forget  
And I haven't been seen without either yet,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

I'll never throw dust in a head nurse's eyes,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Or go with a doctor who's not otherwise,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Or assume that the dressing trays set up that morn  
Are lacking in dressings—no matter what form;  
Or laugh when adhesive from abdomen's torn,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

I'll never lose teeth or a hat or a shoe,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Or take any work I'm unable to do,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Give a patient a bedbath without putting a screen  
In front of the door, so that she can't be seen  
But look 'round the room—there's not one there, I mean  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

I'll listen with fear when the night report's read,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
And not wish that I were sleeping instead,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
I'll take all the trays from the kitchen when told,  
So that none of the food will have chance to get cold  
And then the head nurse would have no right to scold.  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

I'll not leave 'til too late the bedpans and flowers,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Or sit with a patient for more than two hours,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Or assume for a moment the patient will plan  
For more than ten minutes to sit on a pan  
After having for breakfast a bowl of "All-Bran".  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

In other professions in which girls engage,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
In Medicine, in Law, Hollywood, or the stage,  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!  
Professional license if not linked in chain  
Your chance of promotion will certainly gain,  
And I fancy the rule would apply when you train.  
Thought I to m'self, thought I!

—R. W. Ragg.

## THANKS RIVER

Strange how I lost my soul  
'Till I stumbled on this grassy knoll.  
This is the quietest place I've found  
Warm, kind, and soft, this stretch of ground.  
I want to stay, 'till the sun is gone,  
'Till there is no day left, just approach of dawn.  
'Till I'm perfectly free from the bonds of toil,  
'Till the serpent of strain has time to uncoil.  
'Till the clean rich sun has warmed me again  
Like it did in the past; and only then  
Will I go back to my work complete.  
Back to the pain, the sorrow, the heat,  
Back to the bodies rotting away.  
Back to the minds much inclined to stray.  
Back to the sad souls that suffer and yearn,  
But now, kind river, I must return,  
I'm chained to obey—I have no choice,  
Excuse me now as I hurry away,  
The time has come when I just can't stay,  
You'll see me again, good river, be sure.  
I'll come back where the air is so pure.  
'Till then, thanks again for returning my soul,  
For the peace, and the warmth, of your grassy knoll.

—Helen Chase.



## SILENT NIGHT ??

Pssssssst! Where are your ops? How many beds?  
Hurry up child and count those heads.  
Pull down that blind . . . get out those flowers.  
Get to supper! What are your hours?  
Come back here child . . . don't run away!  
Listen to what I have to say!  
Where's your pencil . . . change those foment . . . give him a drink.  
An alcohol rub . . . massage that kink.  
A hot drink of milk . . . some toast and tea.  
Hurry up child, keep up with me!

—By I. Didit.



## TWO POUNDS FOUR

It's seven o'clock my watch declares,  
As I slowly climb up the maternity stairs.  
This week I'm on premies, the dear sweet things—  
What a lovely thought as the night begins.  
One look at the weigh chart . . . "two pounds four".  
McDermid, the brat, won't take anymore.  
Then appeared that one word "same"  
No gain, no loss, beside his name.  
And now, I have to show the little ones  
To mothers, fathers, daughters, sons.  
I must hold this one just so . . .  
So Granny can see him, you know.  
But now our fun is almost over,  
There're no more people at the door.  
I must go out and taste the brew.  
Oh, cocoa, yes, 'tis cocoa, true.  
Now back to feed my "two pounds four"  
As well as ten and fourteen more.  
I get the bottles neatly propped  
And by that time the first one's stopped.  
I wake them up to start once more;  
To brecht it into "two pounds four".  
New moon tonight, a casual thought,  
As "two pounds four" the first brecht got.  
Another baby just arrived.  
Looks like business has revived  
For there's another at the door.  
I haven't room for anymore.  
Must start to bath for there are three.  
Can't let them get ahead of me.  
Besides it's just an hour more—  
'Till time to start with "two pounds four".  
And look, McDermid's form just re-appeared  
"Dear child, you too, say I have sneered".  
I guess my patience has expired.  
I must confess I do feel tired.  
Say, it's now six-fifty-five;  
And, at least I'm still alive.  
Just one more look at "two pounds four".  
I don't think he looks one ounce more.  
Then as I crawl again to rest.  
I pray, the Lord, who children blessed;  
To take especially "two pounds four"  
And make him gain just one ounce more.  
And now to dream of babies sweet,  
So tiny, yet, so all complete.

—Ruby Wotherspoon.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE . . . ?

Armstrong—with a kleenex?  
Leach—not waiting for the mail?  
Andrews—in a pair of matched pyjamas?  
Chase—without a wolf?  
Lawrence—hurrying . . . ?  
Symons—in a sarong?  
Hamilton—taking time out from laughter?  
Jones—speaking English?  
Bock—a Pro again?  
Wright—quietly telling her story?  
Ritchie—in bed by 10.30?  
Boris—without titter?  
Anderson—without Herman?  
Goett—taming snakes?  
Hagg—Night Supervisor?  
Fleming—without a cold?  
Klaudt—in Vi Miller's apron?  
McFarlane—without Pete?  
Sweatman—jumping up and down?  
Foley—not married to a doctor?  
Buchan—singing?



★ ★

## IT NAPPENED ONE HIGHT !

Lith the wist of linstructions kirmly flutched in my hand, my press dinned to fit and hit to fit, I sashed for the frub sink. This morning I am frubbing for my first "C" and "D" for Dr. Lime bassisted sy Dr. Ham. Having sashed in the spink for men tin utes I tannaged to mir my way through the wine of lolves to my doom. By the time I was dressed my dose nitched and my moves were glipped.

Mights, Lamera, Action . . . so runs the line, and the sable was tet.

Dr. Lime spoke:

"Reen goap sash up, nease purse. You understand nurse? Reen goap sash up! Pour over now! Fichloride birst! Netapen murse! You know nurse N.E.T.A.P.H.E.N. Dix dease thamn frapes!!! Seighted weculum! Culators! Duret! Prigation! Pree inch thrapping! Hive er Gegotrate! Tind up the wable! Cring in the bart. Good kite niddies.

—Eth Banderson.

## WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS . . .

What if my aprons are here and there,  
Books on the dresser and bibs on the chair,  
Cap on the table and notes on the floor?  
Leave 'em lay there and shut the door.

Ignore the chaos. At some near date  
I'll put the haberdashery straight,  
For that's my regular monthly chore.  
Leave 'em lay there and shut the door!

If your room's littered, I don't repine.  
So why complain of the mess in mine?  
Forget the clutter and fret no more,  
Leave them lay there and close the door.

—Selected.



## NURSES

I want to say a little prayer  
For all the nurses everywhere.  
For all who gently pressed my hand,  
And tried to understand  
The burning heartache and the pain,  
And, somehow, made me smile again.

For her who came in dead of night  
When tortuous dreams possessed my sight;  
When I cried out for rest, for peace,  
For help and comfort and release.  
Then from that dream of black despair  
I woke to find her standing there.

For her who wouldn't scold me—  
Made my rebellious spirit see  
That I must do the things I should,  
Obey the orders and be good.  
No place of mine to quarrel with fate  
My job only to lie and wait.

For her who did so patiently  
Those tiresome, endless tasks for me  
Those little things that irk and bore  
The things I never thanked her for,  
And as she did them to the end,  
She made me feel she was my friend.

For all the nurses everywhere  
With men and women in their care  
For stalwart spirits, tireless feet,  
Arms that are strong, smiles that are sweet,  
For everyone I say a prayer.  
Oh! God bless them everywhere!

—Florence Von Gilder.





## *Down memory lane . . .*

We often think  
That we work harder  
Than they ever have before.  
We often think  
That their feet  
Were never quite as sore.  
And yet  
On looking back and reading o'er  
Their jokes and stories told;  
We find  
That we have much in common  
With the grads of days of old.  
And so we thought  
We'd print a few  
To put your mind at rest.  
And from the books  
We had on hand  
We picked what we liked best.

## SATURDAY NIGHT IN "A" BLOCK

(From 1930 "In Cap and Uniform")

Whu . . . Who let that mob loose ???!!!

Seven o'clock and here comes the gang. Bibs, aprons and caps torn from them as they come.

The telephone booth seems to be the first attraction. Like so many sheep following the leader, they flock to the mail rack and thence to the phone booth. Snatches of conversation may be gathered: "Who the heck took that number?" "Hey, Shaw, can the noise!" "Yes, Jack, I'm sorry, didn't get off in time." "He's an awful egg". "Watcha gonna wear, Mac?" "Alice and I are coming, so pipe down."

These and many more float in one jumble through the echoing corridor.

Five minutes elapse and all is quiet around the phone booth. From upstairs comes laughing, grumbling and, I believe, some budding prima donna, who, poor soul, has missed her calling, pours forth her soul on the unheeding babble. Someone speaks in a shrill voice, "Norma, turn on the tub for Mary." Still more shrill voices from another corner, "Who's the lucky guy tonight, Mac?" "Say, you bring back those socks!" "Oll-j, gosh! Who threw that cold water?" "Who's got blue ear-rings, blue ear-rings? Quick, he's here."

We hear scuffling, tumbling and—now, now, is that nice. Someone has crammed poor little Isaacs into her laundry bag and is proceeding to throw her into a tub of cold water. Poor Isaacs, she comes up like a drowned rat, looking so small and helpless. Allan picks her up tenderly in her arms and carries her to bed, where she wipes the perspiration from her brow.

Eight o'clock—the gang again—but the phone booth no longer holds any attraction. The sun porch, I believe, is crowded with blushing swains, caps in hand, and feet nervously tapping the floor; from the outside comes the honking of horns, buzzing of engines, grating of brakes—and all is quiet.

Eight o'clock, and we leave the gang to peep into a certain little room, where, reclining on a big chesterfield, Miss Casey and Miss Bettie are sighing a big sigh of relief.

Peace and quiet until 10 p.m.

## A KINDER CREED

(From 1942 "In Cap and Uniform")

Let me be a little kinder,  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those about me;  
Let me praise a little more;  
Let me be, when I am weary,  
Just a little bit more cheery.  
Let me serve a little better  
Those that I am striving for.  
Let me be a little braver  
When temptation bids me waver;  
Let me strive a little harder  
To be all that I should be;  
Let me be a little meeker  
With the brother that is weaker;  
Let me think more of my neighbor  
And a little less of me.



## HEARD AROUND AND ABOUT

(From 1939 "In Cap and Uniform")

- Hold the phone for me—
- Any mail?
- Lend me a car ticket—or can you?
- Whose got some adhesive? These black stockings have to last till pay-day.
- Anybody going to the store?
- Wow! What a day! Three emergencies!
- I'm sorry! The line is busy!
- Gee, I should study!
- Where's a pro?
- Oh for a p.m.!
- A little saline, nurse.
- Who're you going out with?
- Got anything to eat?
- Who swiped my cape?
- Sorry, I'm broke too.
- Did anyone list those clothes?
- If you'd come early enough, you'd got hot toast!

## A NURSE'S EPISTLE

(From 1941 "In Cap and Uniform")

And it came to pass—that at the hour of six in the morn a bell did ring forth, and promptly at fifteen minutes past the hour I did emerge upon a cruel bleak world to come unto a bathroom that had more nurses than sinks. And when my fellow nurses turned and saw what it was they were full of sorrow, and completed their toilette, notwithstanding, whilst I did wait. Then, lest the hour for roll call arrive betimes, I did make haste, but alas, ere I arrived the door as closed, and I am sore afraid, but feel not on my face.

And at the hour of seven there appeared a woman dressed in white, and she spoke unto us a prayer and brought us glad tidings of great changes, and were delivered from the house of feasting unto the Temple of Cares. Hereupon I obeyed the teachings of my masters, but my transgressions were many.

And upon that day a man came unto me and said, "Show me my son." And I did show a son unto him. But alas, he was not the man I thought him to be. Verily I say unto you he returned to his wife full of wonder and praise. And there was much rejoicing. But when he spoke of the miracle of red hair she rose and smote the bed in wrath, for he knew not his own son. And he turned at once from her and came unto me. And great was his anger. And I said, "Be re-assured, when the hour comes for departure thy son, and thy son alone, shall cleave unto thee". And his anger was calmed and he returned unto his wife.

And at the close of the day I did'st limp from the Temple of Cares unto the house of rest. And as an eagle stirreth up her nest so I did settle into bed to sleep the sleep of the sinful.



(Written by a Nurse after her first night alone in the Operating Room)

(From 1944 "In Cap and Uniform")

Good Morning, kids, the night has gone  
And so, doggone it, has the dawn.  
Ah, how it stirs my soul to see  
The dawn break over hedge and tree.  
A funny thing—no sense it makes—  
Though night will fall, the day will break.  
What can one do but just behave  
And sew and run the Autoclave?  
That loathsome thing! by fiends designed  
To work as slow as it's inclined.  
I sat; I sewed; I swore (quite mute)  
I stamped my foot and kicked the brute.  
But no avail—the unknown powers  
Decree, "For sixty seconds use two hours".  
The gremlins danced along the wall  
On the ceiling, down the hall.  
They opened the windows, turned off fans.  
Stole brushes from the Doctors' cans,  
Dropped hot water on my head,  
Their ears curled up at what I said.  
I'll enumerate the work I've done  
Count the jobs up one by one.  
Gee, I'm tired—mad as well  
So I'll say good-bye—yours, May-bell.



### PLASTERED

(From 1945 "In Cap and Uniform")

He knew that she would comfort him  
And clear his stuffy head.  
He found her in the kitchen,  
And to her his plight he said.  
She wept hot tears of sympathy,  
He clung her to his breast,  
And held her closely to him  
With her head upon his chest.  
Her eyes were closed, his teeth were clenched.  
He stood there like a stone.  
Then all of a sudden there burst from him  
A sob, a hopeless groan,  
Oh! Oh! he cried, I can't stand this  
And from him, far he cast her.  
For he was a poor man with a cold,  
And she was a mustard plaster.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY  
(From 1943 "In Cap and Uniform")

Thanks for the memory  
Of Isolation days, Diet Kitchen trays;  
The members of the T.S.O.  
Who tried to mend our ways.  
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memory  
Of scrubbing up in Mat. for Dr. this or that;  
The times we tried to figure out  
Some way to buy a hat—  
How lovely it was!

Many's the late-leave we'd forfeit,  
And many's the time that we sorrowed  
When we found our ear-rings had been borrowed,  
We didn't cuss! Hurray for us!

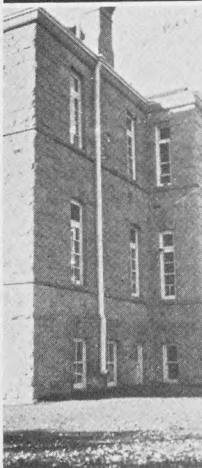
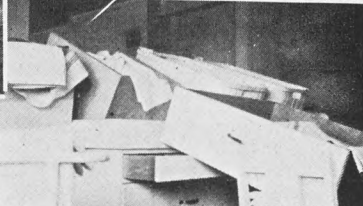
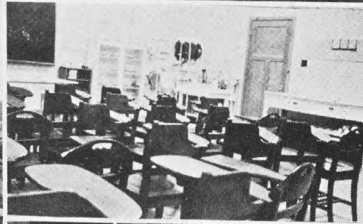
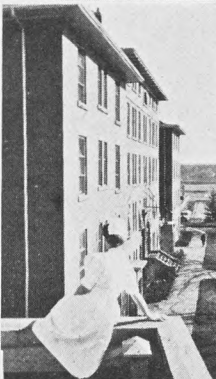
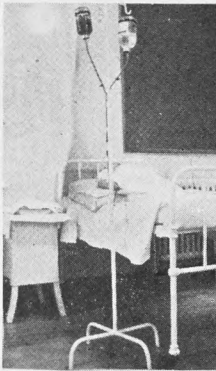
And—thanks for the memory  
Of happy party nights,  
Our Christmas tree with lights,  
And Maggie in the dining-hall  
Who loved to start the fights.  
Awfully glad we met you all,  
Cheerio and toodle-oo—  
And thank you so much.



(From 1934 "In Cap and Uniform")

One of our first-aiders, who had driven the other members of the class nearly frantic by her continual criticism of the whole idea, turned up one evening a complete convert—first-aid training was a wonderful thing, it ought to be compulsory.

"Why," she said, "yesterday I was sitting at home when I heard a screeching of brakes and then a terrific crash. Two cars had turned over right in front of our gate and four people were lying in the street. One woman had a deep gash in her arm, two men had broken legs, and another severe lacerations of the face. But thank heaven, I remembered exactly what you had taught me. So I bent over and put my head between my knees—and I didn't faint!"



Heights by great men reached and kept;  
 Were not attained by sudden flight.  
 But they, while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upright in the night.

## NOTHING

When your editor asked me to write something for your Year Book, I was both pleased and flattered. But when she asked me what I was going to write about I could think of "nothing". So later I decided to write about it.

Webster gives the definition of "nothing" as "a thing of no account, value or note; something irrelevant and unimportant; something of comparative unimportance and utter insignificance; a trifle." So a word taking so many big words to explain must be important. Of course Webster and I differ on nearly every point. Nothing in my estimation is one of the greatest of all topics.

Consider its relation to human affairs. How many of the Training School Office and the Graduates and the Student Nurses make this their sole occupation off duty? How many insist on doing it during lectures? What is half the human race doing now? What are you doing this minute? Reading you say, but surely this is nothing."

Shakespeare wrote a play "Much Ado About Nothing" and so you see Shakespeare and I both recognize the importance of the word. In fact a few years ago at Western Canada High School I gave a talk on this very subject—so if I can repeat myself I can do nothing about it.

All the greatest things in this world usually cost "nothing". Consider life, health, water and air. Love is often said to be the greatest thing in the world, but all tennis players know that "Love" is "nothing!"

The greatest wars in history have been fought over "Nothing".

Nothing is the mark most easily obtained in examinations, and if we work hard, it is so that in later life we may be able to do "Nothing".

If you were asked to go to a show or on an aeroplane ride—you reply is that you would like "nothing" better. This shows your preference for this important word over any form of pleasure.

We laugh over it and laughter should fill our lives and keep us young. So what can be more important than laughter? Yet, laughter is nothing. Goldsmith tells of the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind"—and a vacant mind contains "nothing".

Socrates said, "Woe is me, for I know nothing." We poor mortals can scarcely lay claim to higher knowledge—so we must admit we know nothing.

We might go on indefinitely but I hope I have convinced you that "nothing" is not nothing, and since it is not nothing, it can be anything. If "nothing" is anything, anything can be everything. So, "Nothing" is everything!

Here's hoping that you get one and two nothings on your R.N. exams.!

—Wilda M. Oxley.



## HERE AND THERE

Who stole my cape again?  
I've lost my scissors.  
Can you read these orders?  
How many penicillins are there?  
We'll never get off tonight.  
My feet are killing me.  
Are the D.K.'s down yet?  
Who's got a safety pin?  
When are you off?  
I'm on premmies this week.  
I'm going right to bed.  
Bet me admit at five to seven.  
How many op's for tomorrow?  
Four patients and three enemata.  
Let's go off duty!  
Any empty beds?  
I'm starved.  
What's for supper?  
Who took the order book?  
These charts haven't been touched!  
Here's the night staff!



## A MEAN COMPLAINT

A sufferer occupying Room 400, wrote the following letter to a railway company complaining about the noise of the switch engine.

Gentlemen: Why is it that your switch engine has to din and don and buzz and spit and bang and hiss and pant and grate and grind and puff and chug and bump and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and jar and howl and snarl and puff and growl and thump and bump and clash and jolt and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like h—— the whole night through?

*We stopped the press . . .*

# for the Grads of 1950



## PRO. CLASS

Amy Elizabeth Black .....	Calgary, Alberta
Margaret Isobel Carr .....	Calgary, Alberta
Mar Audrey Comer .....	Penhold, Alberta
Thelma Ferne Eberly .....	Youngstown, Alberta
Vivian Florence .....	Calgary, Alberta
Audrey Lois Greenfield .....	Calgary, Alberta
Marjorie Beatrice Hamilton .....	Eston, Saskatchewan
Jean Elizabeth Hartwick .....	High River, Alberta
Meryle Rosalind Hill .....	Calgary, Alberta
Marian Adelle Hodgson .....	Big Valley, Alberta
Phyllis Jean Hughes .....	Didsbury, Alberta
Kathleen Margaret Jarvis .....	Langdon, Alberta
Beatrice Eliza Johnstone .....	Coderre, Saskatchewan
Heather Brown Lees .....	Loyalist, Alberta
Mary Emmaline Mailer .....	Alix, Alberta
Audrey Margaret Marple .....	Royalties, Alberta
Doris Derbyshire Melling .....	Cadomin, Alberta
Ruth Marjorie Minifie .....	Vanguard, Saskatchewan
Myrtle Selina Mitchell .....	Moosomin, Saskatchewan
Jean Isabel Moorhead .....	Vanguard, Saskatchewan
Adrienne Isabel Mitchell .....	Calgary, Alberta
Muriel Mavis McLeod .....	Blairmore, Alberta
Gladys Muriel Newal .....	Calgary, Alberta
Margaret Evelyn Parsons .....	Lethbridge, Alberta
Barbara Jean Reid .....	Calgary, Alberta
Kathleen Robinson .....	Drumheller, Alberta
Myrtle Audrey Root .....	Coleman, Alberta
Gertrude Bertha Schatz .....	Calgary, Alberta
Barbara Aileen Weatherup .....	Shepard, Alberta
Ruby Esther Wilson .....	Waskatenau, Alberta



To the Graduates of 1950 we would like to say:

"Set your standards high, dream your dreams, and pattern your career and your life in such a fashion that you will be content and satisfied with your gain. Life is queer but wonderful, we cannot re-do or turn back, we may only look ahead and walk on.

May we wish you lots of laughs, friends to love and a happy life."



## Dear Diary . . .



WITH ice to the head and heat to the feet, I gaze at the finished book. It has been a thrill to watch this book take shape and follow, finances permitting, the pattern which we had dreamed up. A dream is so cheap but to produce that dream it took a working man's savings. Here is your book. I sincerely hope that you will thrill from cover to cover as we have thrilled from word to word.

At this moment, for some of us, Graduation is only a couple of sleeps away and until we have crossed the platform we shall be like those that wake in the morning and try to remember a dream. When we wake the dawn is ours, cool, clear and crisp. Where will we go from there? I cannot tell your "horror-scopes" but I can say this. Those that appreciated, the Q 3 H feedings, the boiling of milk, the sterilizing of bottles and the changes that refresh, should put their order in now for pink and blue wool, it may be difficult to get! Those that want their independence for a while, that have the wanderlust, that seek adventure, will take to the field and the far horizons. Those that wish to specialize will train and find their place. Those that have given their lives and the works of their hands will wait to be called to their Mission Fields. Those that are the dreamers, like the one who signs this page, will write their books.

"Go thou thy way, and I go mine . . . " 'Tis a pleasant thought We shall meet again, we don't know exactly when but we know we will meet again; and I pray that when we do we shall have our feet firmly planted on the Rock.

Goodbye for now, may good luck be with you, good friends be near you, and a good purpose be within you.

—Buchan.

The Bay

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of  
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## COMPLIMENTS

— of the —

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## HORSE SENSE

A horse can't pull while kicking.  
This fact I merely mention.  
And he can't kick while pulling.  
Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse  
And lead a life that's fitting;  
Just pull an honest load, and then  
There'll be no time for kicking.

—Unknown.

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A train was coming fast,  
The train got off the railroad track,  
To let the senior past.

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## COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

He told the shy maid of his love,  
The colour left her cheeks,  
But on the shoulder of his coat,  
It showed for several weeks.

—Selected.

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## DOOR-MATS

Women are door-mats and have been,—  
The years those mats applaud,—  
They keep their men from going in  
With muddy feet to God.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.



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He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a tea kettle."



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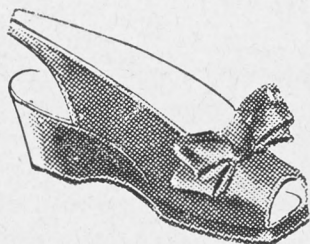
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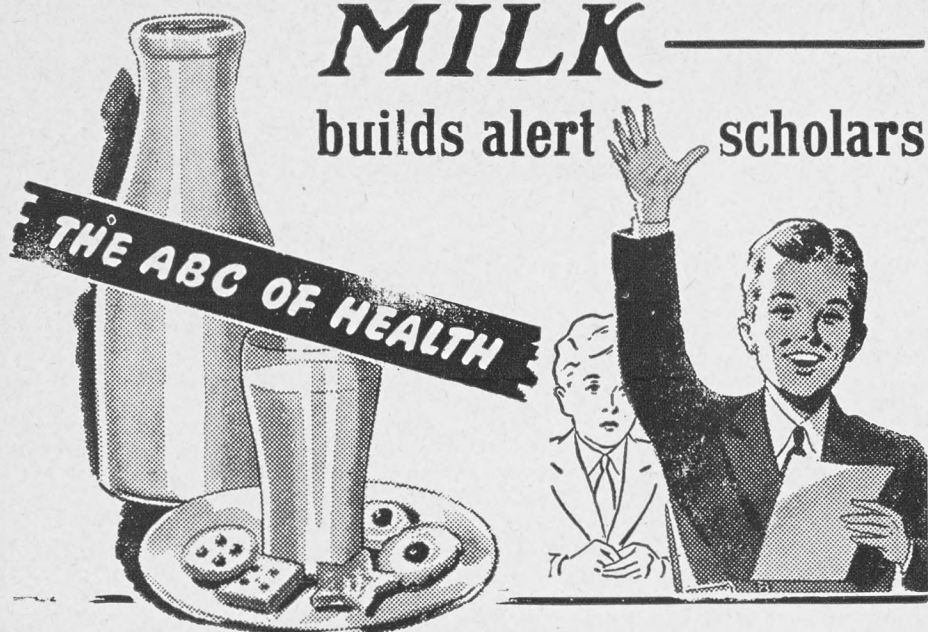
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